

THE
MUSE in Distress :
A
POEM.

OCCASION'D by the
Present State of POETRY ;

Humbly ADDRESS'D to the
Right Honourable Sir WILLIAM YONGE Bart.
and KNIGHT of the BATH, &c.

*Qui nescit Versus, tamen audet fingere. Quidni ?
—— fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddite quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.*

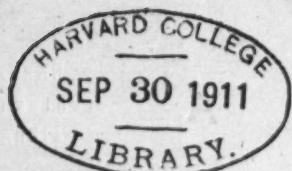
Hor. Art. Poet.

*Curam impende brevem, si munus Apolline dignum
Vis complere libris, & vatibus addere calcar.*

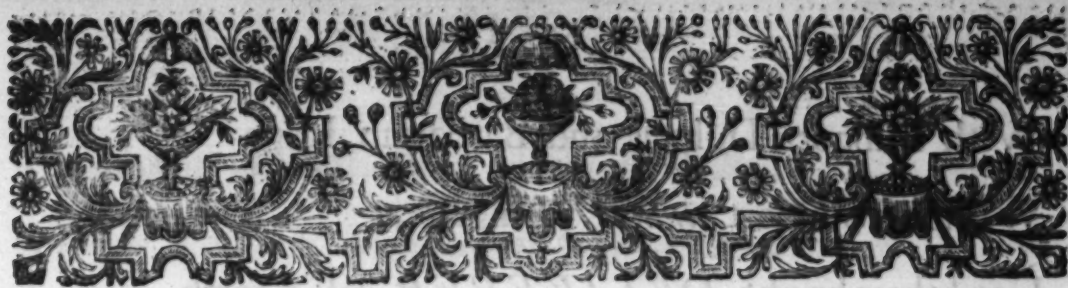
Ibid. Epif. Lib. 2.

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THE
M U S E
I N
D I S T R E S S.



MIDST the great Concerns, which fill thy Mind,
Permit the *Muse's* Cause Access to find:
On *Thee* she has bestow'd a lib'ral Vein,
Nor scorn'st Thou to appear amongst her *Train*:
In *Thee* confiding she expects Redress,
Thy Succour she demands in her Distress.
Rise then, O *YONGE*, exert thy wish'd for Pow'r,
Thy great *Example* ne'er was wanted more.
Scarcely more *Gothick* was the Age, when rose
LEO, the mighty *Scourge* of Learning's Foes:
Yet even *then* in *Silence* liv'd a Few
Widely remote from all the vulgar Crew;

With

With stubborn Dulness and Barbarian Rage
 Without Support *unable* to engage,
 Until their bright *DELIVERER* call'd forth
 Their hidden Wonders and their native Worth ;
 Shew'd in full Lustre their *informing* Light,
 And sav'd the World from Ignorance and Night.

In future Ages let it not be said,
 " That now the *MUSES* were from *Britain* fled,
 " The drooping Head of *SCIENCE* scarce appear'd,
 " Scarce could the languid Voice of *SENSE* be heard :
 " And yet *no* gen'rous Soul rose up to save
 " Their faint *Remains* from Darkness and the Grave ;
 " No Son of *Phæbus* struggled to restore
 " The *Tuneful Sisters* to the *British Shore*.
 As from the fullen Flint, th' obedient Spark,
 Struck by compulsive Steel, bursts from the Dark ;
 So *Merit* (which unheeded might remain,
 Its Influ'nce latent, its Example vain)
 If but assisted by a pow'rful Hand,
 Darts forth its Rays t' adorn and bless a Land.
 Thine be that Hand, *O YONGE* ; th' important Trust
 To Thee the *Muse* commits, and be Thou just ;
 Be Thou of genuine *Wit* and sterling *Sense*,
 In spight of *Knaves* and *Fools* the sure Defence ;
 Ingenu-

Ingenuous *Modesty* with blushing Grace,
 To her *Retreat*, with joyful Ardour trace :
 Thy Smiles as Love or Musick's Charms inspire,
 Who, blest with them, can want Poetick Fire?
 Ev'n I, the weakest of the *Muses* Train,
 Glow with a Warmth my Soul can scarce contain ;
 And, fraught with Hopes of Countenance from Thee,
 Launch into *Depths* as dang'rous as the *Sea*.

When *Parthians* subtle, and *Iberians* proud,
 Their vassal Necks to *Roman* Eagles bow'd ;
 When *Janus*' bolted Doors proclaim'd to *Rome*
 The Days by *Sibyls* long foretold were come,
 " Wherein the Hind, unmindful of his Toil,
 " From Foes secure, shou'd till the yielding Soil ;
 " Labour the Day and Joy shou'd crown the Night,
 " *Augustus* giving Peace and *Phæbus* Light :
 The *Victors* knew their Conquests incompleat,
 Their dear-bought Glories of a short-liv'd Date ;
 Did not some skilful Bard transmit to *Fame*
 Their Actions with his own immortal Name.
 The God-like *Emperor* foresaw, how vain,
 How fleeting were the Triumphs of his Reign ;
 Did not the *Muse* in deathless *Versè* record
 The wide *Command* of his auspicious *Word*.

For *Her* no Cares, no Gifts for *Her* he spar'd,
 And ev'ry Genius met with his Reward :
 The NINE repaying struck the sounding Lyre,
 And *CÆSAR*'s Praises fill'd the sacred *Quire* ;
 The *Bays* and *Olive* amicably vy'd
 The *Ivy*'s Honours and the *Laurel*'s Pride :
 Hence shall *MECÆNAS*, hence shall *POLLIO* live ;
 Hence *VIRGIL*, *HORACE* Fame immortal give.

Shall *Britain*'s better *CÆSAR* then remain
 Unfung in any, but his *Laureat*'s, Strain ?
 Must all *his* Labours for *her* Peace be curst
 With a *Bathyllus* duller than the first ?
 Whilst firm for *Europe*'s Liberty he stands,
 Her *Ballance* holding in his steady Hands ;
 And whilst he guards his Subjects from their Foes,
Himself refusing for *their* sake Repose ;
Why sleeps the *British Muse* with unstrung Lyre ?
 Can great and virtuous Acts no more inspire ?
NASSAU's Exploits with double Lustre shone ;
 Forbid to dye by *GARTH*, by *ADDISON*.
 Shall *HE*, whose ev'ry Purpose, ev'ry Aim,
 Whose Vigilance, with *NASSAU*'s are the same,
 To *Dutch Gazettes* and *Journals* leave his Fame ?

Where

* *Where* is the *Poet*, whose aspiring Strains,
 Anticipating the *Historian's* Pains,
 To Ages yet to come shall nobly dare
AUGUSTUS's heroick Worth declare ?
 Tunes he his Voice near *ISIS's* silver Streams,
 Neglecting Courts and Courtiers golden Dreams,
 Bles'd with a true Serenity of Mind,
 A Friend instructive, and a Mistress kind ?
 Or where *CAM's* not inglorious Current flows,
 The Bays forgot, seeks he the *Hallow'd Rose* ;
 Forc'd on some *High-Church Bigot* to depend,
 Spoiling his Genius, Nonsense to defend ?
 Perhaps near *THAME's* more oozy Flood he pines,
 And, Glowworm-like, in *Darkness only* shines ;
 Of Joy and Liberty bereft, he raves
 At pamper'd Sycophants and tinsel'd Slaves ;
 Himself quite destitute of all Support,
 Bankrupt at *Change*, and without Friends at Court :
 Whilst *Amburst*, Truth and Reason's Foe profess'd,
 Swims in Delights by *Faction's* Sons caress'd :
 T' augment his Joys see *Contradictions* bend,
Poultney is generous, *Bolingbroke* a Friend.

* Quis sibi res gestas *Augusti* scribere sumit ?

Bella quis & *Paces* longum diffundit in ævum ?

Hence (to our Shame) *Sedition* makes her Way,
 And the misguided Crowd her Voice obey.
 No longer *CAVENDISH* and *SACKVILLE* give;
SOMERS and *HALIFAX* no longer live:
 Ye *Muses* at their Urns your Homage pay,
 And to their Mem'ry consecrate a Lay;
 Your Int'rest and *their own* they view'd as one,
 With *Them* your Glories and Rewards are gone;
 Unless some Heav'n-born *Genius* soon awake,
 Who to his Care your dying Cause shall take,
 Add youthful Vigour to your flagging Wings,
 And bid you celebrate the BEST of KINGS.

WILMINGTON lives; and can He live in vain?
 In spite of *Him*, how long shall *Dulness* reign?
 Let Him vouchsafe his Patronage to shew,
 'Twill animate and strengthen like the Dew,
 Which to the *blushing Rose* new Odours gives,
 With Gratitude the *blushing Rose* receives.

While distant Nations *HARRINGTON* adore,
 With Him their own, and bless his friendly Pow'r;
 Can we believe Him to the *Muse* unkind?
 Or think Him to distressed Merit blind?

He,

He, who our once-declining *Trade* secur'd,
 And, negligent of Life, our *Peace* procur'd,
 Has such a Title to the *Muse's* Praise,
 So strong a Claim to her sublimest Lays,
 He can't regardless of her Int'rest prove,
 She shares his Admiration and his Love :
 But since the Fate of Realms employs his Mind
 (So HEAV'N and *GEORGE's* Wisdom have design'd)
 In Duty He the *Statesman's* weightier Cares
 To the Pursuits of th' inspir'd *Tribe* prefers.
 The *Father* Thus, when threat'ning Flames ascend,
 Which thro' his vaulted Roofs with Ruin tend,
 Heedless of precious *Caskets*, flies to save
 His tender *Offspring* from the yawning Grave.

In *RICHMOND's* Smiles a thousand *Graces* play,
 But to those Smiles how difficult the Way!
 Teach me, O *HILL*, like Thee, to write and please,
 With Fire judicious, accurate with Ease;
 Then might I reach thy *RICHMOND's* curious Ear;
 Do Thou approve, He'll condescend to hear.
 Supported by *JOVE's* sacred *Oak*, like Thee,
 The Nightingal enchants his list'ning She;
 In Songs like thine *Apollo's* Choir rejoice,
 When by his Dictates they unite their Voice.

Let *Gracchus* ever strike one jarring Note,
 Bolting his Eyes, and ratling in his Throat;
 His pompous Lesson ev'ry Day the same,
 Extolling *Richlieu*—*WALPOLE* to defame;
 Vain of his *little*, let him still pretend
 To cherish *Learning*——He'll indeed commend
 Yet, were the Prince of Poets at his Door,
 Chanting his Rhapsodies as heretofore,
 He'd not relieve, tho' much lament his Case;
 Perhaps might *promise* him, in Time, a *Place*.
 Be Thou, O *DORSET*, his correct *Reverse*;
 Thy soul be steady, open be thy Purse;
 True to thy *Lineage* reign in *British* Hearts,
 Assert thy Right, by cherishing the *Arts*;
 With grateful *Eulogies* they ever keep,
 Their Patrons Virtues from Oblivion's Sleep:
 The *Planets* so their borrow'd Light repay,
 Confessing its first Source the *God* of *Day*:
 So to a *neighb'ring People* Thou mak'st known,
 The delegated Splendor of the *Throne*.
 Bless'd Isle! where thy diffusive *Goodness* streams,
 Which from *Oppression's* Arm thy *Sway* redeems.

RUTLAND, whose Soul in Harmony delights,
Apollo's fav'rite Art thy Care invites;

Constant

Constant to *him*, as is the *Heliotrope*,
 Or to the youthful *Lover* soothing *Hope* ;
 With bounteous Marks of Grace the *Bard* pursue,
 Whose well-wrought Numbers please the tuneful *Few*:

Nor THOU, Propitious PRINCE, disdain the *Muse*,
 That to her Guardians for Protection fues ;
 Deign, *ROYAL FREDERICK*, her Voice to hear,
 Pronounce her Glory thy peculiar Care ;
 On her Endeavours graciously dispence
 Thy genial *Favour's* quick'ning Influence ;
 In Strains, becoming thy ILLUSTRIOUS LINE,
 Thy noble Worth to *Fame* She will consign.
 She can secure from *Envy's* baleful Breath,
 And turn aside the keenest Shafts of Death ;
 Whilst Monuments nor Coins can guard their Trust,
 But with their *Heroes* moulder into Dust.

* Behold ! Th' *Egyptian Wonder's* stately Frame
 Has not been able to preserve a *Name* ;
 Whilst throughout Ages will those Laurels bloom,
 Which crown the *PATRIOTS* of *Greece* and *Rome*.
 For *such* the Foes of *Freedom* oft have fought,
 Oft, what their Arms cou'd not acquire, have bought.

* It remains unknown which of the *Egyptian* Monarchs rais'd the largest of the *Pyramids*.

To Glory thus the *Grand Monarque* attain'd;
 And more than Armies lost, a *Boileau* gain'd.
 Let not such Honours be in *Britain* plac'd
 On *PARRICIDES*, unworthy such to taste:
 Those who pursue them in *Ambition's* Dreams,
 By Arts pernicious, and undoing Schemes;
 Who fondly think the Blessings to enjoy
 Of *People*, which they labour to destroy:
 Vain Creatures, cringing to the *Vulgar Herd*,
 By them only, because unknown, rever'd.
 Call *Panegyrick* from its proper Source,
 And give its tainted Streams a purer Course;
 Teach it t' adorn, where it receives Support,
 And find the true *MECÆNASES* at Court.

* The *Twitt'nam* 'SQUIRE, grown petulant and bold,
 Forgets the Notes with which he charm'd of old;
 To *Spleen* he prostitutes his noble Art,
 Alike a Bigot in his *Verse* and *Heart*:
 With Him the Best of *Patriots* are but *Tools*,
All, but his Party, if not worse, are *Fools*.
St. John with Him ne'er knew the Guilt of *Treason*,
He is the Flow of Soul the Feast of Reason:

* Vide A Dialogue between ALEXANDER POPE of *Twittenham* ESQUIRE,
 and his learned Council in the Law.

Judges are Hangmen, *H—* cannot write,
 And who but *M—*, now alive, can fight?
 Would He with Harmony awake the *Nine*,
 And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line;
 Still virtuous might we think his *Satire's* Ends,
 Still might we think Mankind and He were *Friends*.

This envious *Bard* when furious *Scriblers* ape,
 Nor Chancellors nor Prelates can escape;
 In vain at *Council* awful *Sense* prevails,
 In vain experienc'd *Wisdom* holds the *Seals*;
 Nor Seals, nor Stars, nor Dignities withstand
 Th' envenom'd *Quill* once rais'd in * *Wh—*'s Hand.
 But take in Time, fierce *Libeller*, Advice,
 The Paths thou treadest are as false as *Ice*;
 Thy Poison's like the Vapours that arise
 From stinking Fens to taint the wholesome Skies,
 Which, menacing the *Sun*, at last recoil,
 And only prove the Rancour of the Soil:
 Thou hast no *Quincunx*, Thou no *Vines* to prune,
 May'st sleep in Peace from *Janu'ry* till *June*;
 Thy Rest no *Great Ones* with their Visits break,
 None who will risque a Shilling for thy sake:

* *Vide* A most wretched Libel on most of the Lay-Lords and the whole Bench of Bishops,
 written by one *Wh—d*, and called the *State-Dunces*, inscrib'd to Mr. *POPE*.

Cease then to murder with thy *Rhyming Saw*,
And dread th' avenging *Myrmidons* of *Law*.

In *Waller's* Verse when *Sacharissa's* Name
Still lives, as if succeeding Worlds to shame,
How justly may the *living Fair* complain
Of *Scandal's* long uninterrupted Reign ;
Certain, if ever they're consign'd to *Print*,
Of course to find some dull *Invective* in't ?
Still *Myra* Fate survives in *Granville's* Lines ;
Still *Hyde* with *Prior's* Wreaths unfading shines ;
The *Ranelaghs* and *Churchills* of the Skies
In *Garth's* Descriptions sparkle and surprize :
Yet now the purest Soul, the fairest Face,
But scarce defend their Owners from Disgrace ;
The *Noble* and the *Base*, promiscuous, All
The Prey of unrelenting *Harpies* fall,
Who sweep like *Death*, not sparing ROYAL BLOOD,
Alike the Victims of the *sable Flood* :
In *vain* the snowy Breast, the blooming Cheek,
Their due Applauses from the Gazers seek ;
The Old the Young, th' Imprudent and Discreet,
Sappho and *Delia* in one Libel meet.
At such Abuse swells not each manly Heart ?
Here just Revenge becomes the *Hero's* Part.

From

From Injuries like these the *Fair* to guard,
 Such Ills from helpless *Innocence* to ward,
 Be *PEMBROKE*'s Care; under his awful Shield
Beauty must force her savage Foes to yield.

O *YONGE*! Behold unveil'd the *Muse*'s Grief!
Thou best can point out, to her Woes, Relief:
 Let thy Example to her Aid excite
 Gay *DODDINGTON* and *HEDGES* the Polite,
 Sounds glide so sweetly from thy warbling Tongue,
 Thy Eloquence excells the Syren's Song:
 As in the *Senate*, when all Ears it charms,
 And *P—y* of his foaming Rage disarms,
 Display its Force, and *WALPOLE*'s Pow'r engage
 To free from blind *Stupidity* the Age:

Who knows what *Race* Encouragement may breed?

Who knows what *golden Days* will these succeed?

Let his Rewards be link'd with his Applause,

As is his Int'rest with this Virtuous Cause:

Whate'er he acts *Posterity* will see;

Not as the fickle *Multitude* decree,

But, as the faithful *Muse* his Greatness sings

When she exalts him on her sounding Wings:

Then shall his Wisdom, then his upright Mind,

Stand gratefully confess'd by all Mankind;

When

When *Fog* and *D'Anvers* are together hurl'd
 To seek Preferment in a *Tory* World:
 And *THOU*, *his Friend*, watch o'er the *Letter'd State*,
 Bid *British Sense* resume its ancient Seat;
 The clam'rous *Din* of factious Crowds despise,
 Favour the *Humble*, and protect the *Wise*:
 Let not *Desert* in *Arts* neglected lye
 In the deep Bosom of *Obscurity*;
 Each Gleam of *Wit*, each Dawn of *Taste* regard,
 Nor think thy conscious Worth its sole Reward;
 Like a kind Mistress, when her Lover's true,
 The *Muse* thy Labours shall with Smiles pursue;
 And to thy Name a splendid Trophy raise,
 Worthy thy Merit, lasting as thy Praise.

F I N I S.

